

09-17-18-19, 1982, page 3

We had a grand time discussing the plans for the day. JVB said he would lead the tour and would, in addition, clear out some of the brush to make it easier to walk. We had such a good time, that none of us wanted the day to end. We dropped JVB off, as I said. I went with RTP to his house and sat and chatted with RTP and family for a while. Out of the blue, who should appear but JVB. He drove his motor cycle out to the country and just arrived at RTP's house and didn't announce any particular reason for being there. He just wanted to be with us and so he got on his motor cycle and drove out and knocked on the door. How wonderful. All the impetuosity and sincerity of youth. It was very special. At about dark, JVB had to take his leave because he does not have any lights on his motorcycle. He got on his cycle and very exuberantly drove off. I went up to Box 29 and got ready and WSP drove me to the station.

09-23-24-25-26, 1982, p. 1

I had told HLRP that I would take the 6 P.M. Short Line bus to Carbondale but when I arrived at the Port Authority it was about ten minutes to five and so I decided to try and get the 5:05 Martz bus to Scranton, which is what I did. I arrived in Scranton in good time (by 7:30) and telephone HLRP and WSP was at the bus station by about 8:15 P.M. No calendars. I was crest fallen, but did not allow it to get the best of me. I had too much to do to get ready for the installation and dedication of the historical marker on Saturday morning. On Thursday night I stapled the programs together and got some hand-outs ready to give out on the streets of Carbondale on Friday morning and afternoon. I worked energetically and well long into the evening. By about 1 A.M. I had completed the job that I started at about 9 P.M. On Friday morning I went to the Post Office and picked up the mail and from there went to the NEWS, where I picked up the Carbondale flag photograph that had appeared in the NEWS. I was feeling "out of confidence in myself" and nevertheless was able to hand out a fair number of "installation programs" on the streets. Some people were very nice. Some people were very nasty. The nasty ones got to me and I got intimidated by them. I hated myself for allowing myself to be intimidated by the philistines but nevertheless was unable to "get a hold on myself." The reason for the "loss of confidence," I'm sure, was the fact that the calendars had not arrived. That situation (disappointment + nastiness on the part of le monde) I recognize when I am in it. I guess it's a matter of solidity of base. If the base is solid (no disappointment) then just about anything can be endured with ease. Naturally I did not allow the philistines to know that they were getting to me. I visited with Mrs. Buberniak and that was pleasant. I went into McDonnell's and drank some coffee and that didn't help my state at all. I proceeded up and down Main Street and handed out leaflets but couldn't get a hold on myself. In the Memorial Park I tried to "get through to" some old codgers on the benches (why I tried I don't know) and they threw the installation programs back in my face. I was wounded. On the street at Main and Salem I ran into David Baum and that cheered me a little. I gave him a program and he was impressed and that made me feel good (better). In the afternoon I called George Beyer at the PHMC and he said some nice things about the restoration effort and about me and I have a long quote from him in my other notes. He put me in touch with a Donald Behney who will take care of having the historical marker that Skip Race found repaired and installed. Behney is in charge of historic site maintenance. George Beyer seems to have some speech problem. He speaks inordinately slowly and deliberately, as though he was learning to speak for the first time. Maybe he has had a stroke, although he appears to be a young man. I also called EAG and invited her to the unveiling and told her I would pick her up at 9 A.M. and she said that "she would be ready." I telephoned Rev. Pullis and asked him if he would deliver a prayer of benediction at the conclusion of the program and he said yes. I ran into Masco in the Com D office and asked him if he would be speaking or if Mancuso would be speaking and he said that Mancuso would be speaking. It's good that Mancuso and Pullis said yes to my question because I had already put them on the program on the preceding day and ran off the copies. I was fairly sure that both would agree to be on the program before I printed them, however. RTP and I agreed that we would install the sign at 8 P.M. and at that hour we left. Before we left I telephoned JVB and told him that we would be at City Hall at 8 P.M. and he was there when we arrived. WE put the top on the sign without any fuss or bother and it looks wonderful. RTP and Ann have painted the sign and it looks like a new sign. It is a smash hit now that it has been repainted. WE borrowed a wrench from Judy DePoti's boy friend at the Columbia Hose Company. He was more than willing to lend us the tool. We put some mulch/wood chips around the marker once it was in the ground and that made the area look much better--it covered up some of the plastic that was sticking up from amongst the wood chips--plastic on the ground covered with wood chips. It's the remedy for preventing grass and weeds from growing in a plot of land. After the sign was installed, we